We rode into the wooded way; below us wide the shadows lay; We rode, and met the kneeling day; We said, "It is too late.

"The sun has dropped into the west; The mountain holds him to her breast-She holds and hushes him to rest. For us it is too late

"To see the leaf take fire now.
To see and then to wonder how
The glory pauses on the bough.
While panting grass-tops wait."

When, lo! the miracle came on, A road side turn—a moment gone— And far the sun low-lying shone; The forest stood in state,

Transfigured byread the affent space; The clamour leaped about the place. And touched us, swept from face to face. We cried, "Not yet too late!"

But one, who nearer drew than all, Leaned low and whispered: "Suns may fall Or flash; dear heart! I speak and call Your soul unto its fate.

"Tread bravely down life's evening slope: Before the night comes, do not grope! Forever shines some small, sweet hope, And God is not too late." -Harper's Magazine for December.

A TRAMP.

She was on the front stoop, mending Farmer Thornley's stockings, when Baxter, the new farm hand, came and sat down on the rude seat by the door, and hung his palm-leaf hat upon his knee, and took his pipe from his mouth.

'Do you mind the pipe?" he asked. Polly looked up in surprise; none of the farm-hands had ever consulted her on the subject before; even Mr. Thornlev himself smoked and smoked without a dream of asking her permission; that is, whenever Miss Hannah was not clared that Miss Hannah was the close one, but that Mr. Thornley himself was "mighty nigh." They used to tell how Miss Hannah had gone to the doctor's, once upon a time, to have an aching molar extracted, and how her heart had failed her when he produced the instrument of torture, till the impatient doctor was forced to say, "Come, now, I'll

"Mind the pipe!" returned polly, "No; I like it better than Mr. Thorn-

ley's."
"There's a difference in tobacco." Polly, not being posted in the merits of the staple, dropped the subject, and the frogs filled the interval with melodious

pipings.
"What are you thinking about?" asked Baxter, as she delayed her needle maybe, I can do something nicer than and meditated.

" I-I was thinking that Mr. Thornlev's hand would make two of yours. You weren't cut out for hard labor, Mr. Baxter.

"But hard labor was cut out for me, eh? It's a mighty fine night, Miss Polly. Wouldn't you like to walk down by the brook and find some old?"

"Yes; but Miss Hannah may want smiling to himself.

" Miss Hannah has put on her spec-Hooker's newspaper, and Thornley is other. stealing a smoke in the orchard. It's "You two do seem to have an ever-as good as a play to see him tuck his lasting lot of talk together," commented as good as a play to see him tuck his pipe into his pocket, at the risk of setting himself on fire, whenever he hears a footstep." And then the two young people strolled off to the brook, and listened to a whip-poor-will making pensive music in the edge of the woods, and watched the evening star push the filmy clouds aside and step forth.

Young Baxter had been on the Thornley farm a month or so. happened one day to knock at the door and ask for a night's lodging; he had a small bag slung across his shoulder, and a sunburned countenance, which quickened Miss Hannah's pulses. "A tramp!" said she. "Good gracious, Polly, shut the door quick! No, no, we don't take lodgers. We'll be murdered in our beds-and the spoons my grandfather left me! Didn't I tell you to shut the door, Polly? No, we don't take folks in ; you'll find 'commodation further down the road, at Hooker's, or-" But just then Mr. Thornley came up, cautiously knocked the mud off his boots, and said,

"A tramp, Polly?" "I've been tramping some distance," said the stranger, with a frank smile, "and I'd like to put up for the night somewhere. However, if your family's uncomfortable at the idea, maybe you'd let me sleep in the haymow?'

"The impudence!" cried Miss Han-nah, from within. "That would be mighty handy for him to make off with Lightfoot and the colt, wouldn't it, now? Where's your wits, Hiram? Why don't you say 'No,' up and

"As to that," drawled Thornley, fellow must sleep somewhere; and then I s'pose you wouldn't mind working it out in the morning, eh? "-with an eye to the main chance. "I've got some plowing I'd like to have done right off." "I'll drive your plow for a night's lodging, and thanks," returned Baxter: "or mend your fences, or repair your clocks. I'm not above earning an honest

penny." "Lor', if he's willing to lend a hand," capitulated Miss Hannah, "I'd give him the attic chamber and welcome. He ain't near so rough-looking as I thought," an honest face and handy fingers, if he

is forty tramps." Baxter showed himself so ready on the morrow Farmer Thornely suggested he should spend another day in his emover into the following day, and, as no- of spooning upon Polly." body could finish it so well as Baxter, he naturally stayed on and on, till, at the end of the week, Thornely admitted, "Maybe you re as good a hand as I'd get if I waited till Christmas; perhaps you'd like steady work for the summer, with board and wages?"

"You wouldn't be likely to do better," put in Eannah, "with no recommendation, you see—though I don't say as you need one,"

"Thank you. And what do you say?" he asked, turning to Polly.
"I? Why, I—" faltered Polly.

objected Hannah. "Me and Hiram runs

this concern." "Then she's the first woman that hasn't nothing to say. Speak up, Polly," cat watches commanded Farmer Thornley. "Don't never leave a sentence to loose ends."

One even "I was going to say that four makes a cozy family."

"Two's company, and three's a crowd, eh, Polly?" said Thornley, with a laugh.

And Baxter stayed.

"'What makes the lamb love Mary so?'" he quoted, as they wended homeward, Polly's little ewe lamb frisking before them, having joined them in the pastures.

"Why, you know," explained Polly, "her mother disowned her, and she was left shivering and hungry out in the cold. And I brought her in and warmed her before the kitchen fire, and fed her with warm milk, till she grew and "Ain't there? throve.

"And Thornley gave her to you?"
"No; but he said, 'Seems as though she belongs to Polly.' But Miss Hannah didn't like it. 'Then I s'pose the dishes belong to Polly, 'cause she washes 'em, and the rooms, 'cause she sweeps 'em, and the beds she makes?'
she said. 'Isn't Polly paid her lawful
wages for doing whatever her hands find to do, be it to cosset lambs or cook eled further without hands."

the victuals?"

"Have you always lived here, Miss was there?"
Polly?" asked Baxter.
"I have always lived in this house, if it ain't for but not always as a servant, Mr. Baxter. for it. This was the old parsonage; my uncle lived here, with little or no salary. He didn't care for that; he came here to do good, to show the people the road to heaven-there was no church, then, for near to reproach him with burning their miles around—and he had money of his substance into smoke. Everybody de- own. My mother and I came with him, and, after she died, we two lived on here together, and he taught me all I know—it isn't much. But, when I was 15, he came home one day from the city, where he had gone on business, and told me that some wicked people had ruined him, that his good work was ended; and he threw his head back, sitting in his arm-chair, and gasped once give you a quarter to have it out and or twice, and I was all alone-quite, done with, free of charge!" and Miss quite alone. After that people came Hannah plucked up courage and consented, and returned home a quarter the leys among them; and I was a little moping beggar, not knowing which way to turn, and the Thornleys offered to keep me for maid-of-all-work for food and clothing. There was nothing else for me to do, and the neighbors all said it was a providence; but since then I have struck for higher wages, and now I have day-dreams; when I get enough money I mean to go away to school, even if I'm old as the hills, and then,

> "A hundred dollars already." Baxter smiled. "And when do you expect to have enough to set out and seek vonr fortune?"

to churn and cook for my daily bread."

" And you have saved something?"

I should think not," he returned, still

This was not the first walk Baxter and Polly had taken together, neither was tacles and gone to borrow Neighbor this the last confidence reposed in each

> though usually Miss Hannah's interrupgether after work was over than she slipped out the sink-room door with undignified haste, took a short-cut through the woods, and joined them as if she were returning from a neighbor's.

'You oughter not take to tramping round the country so much with Baxter," she advised Polly on one occasion; "folks will begin to talk about you." "Talk about me? What can they

say?" asked Polly. "They'll say Baxter's making a fool of you-and they won't be far wrong," Why should be wish to make a fool of me?" persisted Polly, the tears gathering in her eyes, "Why should be take the trouble?"

"It ain't no trouble—it's amusing. You're an easy victim, I reckon." After that Polly made an excuse when Baxter asked leave to go with her on an errand, or begged her to step outside on fine twilights and listen to the whip-poorwills; she had always a stint to finish, the bread to mix, the milk to set, or some homely duty to detain her. An older woman than Polly would have seen that Miss Hannah herself had set her heart upon Baxter, followed him about like a shadow, courted him with sweetmeats, and flattered him within an

inch of his life. "Baxter's that 'cute about a place, it's a pity he wasn't born twins," she used to declare. Though he's a tramp," Thornley

would add. But it was love's labor lost. Her flatteries fell upon unheeding ears, as she was not slow to discover. By painful degrees her keen eyes took in the situation, and her emotions changed, as the case became hopeless, from love to hatred; she seemed to echo the poet's

assertion: To love you was picasant enough. But, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

Neither was Polly's existence made more agreeable just at this time. Han- prettily, Polly? she confided to Polly, later. "He's got nah's amusement was to thwart Baxter in his love-making, to send him a wild- mean, Mr. Baxter?" goose chase in the wrong direction, to

darkly insinuated. "Didn't I caution Polly hung her head and blushed. ready men and women of refinement you against taking him in? If you lose anything through him and Polly, don't education, Polly?"

Hannah had hit the mark at last.

Blessings brighten as they take Polly failed to put in an objection.

Blessings brighten as they take Polly failed to put in an objection.

"Didn't I tell you how it would be, lived at Thornley Farm for a cent-lived at Thornley Farm for a century, and Thornley never have found following week. "Here's Baxter and previous time. The sickly, sentimental through taking the money of the bank out that she was dearer to him than Polly; they stepped down to town this story paper and wild ranger and pirate of which he is President.

"Polly hasn't nothing to say about it," Hannah, till some one else should morning on an errand together, and story book are slowly yielding the field biected Hannah. "Me and Hiram runs threaten to claim her. After that, Bax-

"Plotting mischief, I reckon," she said. "Are you fond of darkness "There's been no pickpocket here,

suspect no one of having stole 'em out of my pocket; there's a hole in it; I'd must have dropped out between here and the barn; but Hiram and me has hunted the place over and again, and it stands to reason they couldn't have trav-

"Mercy!" cried Polly. "How much

"A whole hundred dollars, miss; and if it ain't forthcoming somebody'll smart

"You don't think that I took your money, Miss Hannah?" "Well, maybe not; but it's gone-and there's Baxter."

"Baxter!" "Yes, indeed. What do you or I know about the fellow?"

"I know he wouldn't do it."

"He'll have to prove it. I'll have him up before the court, sure as you live." Polly could hardly keep her anger from flaming into audacious words; the so?" bare suspicion was a blow to her. She "It believed in Baxter thoroughly; though an angel had accused him, yet would she have upheld him. But how often have the innocent suffered! how often has injustice triumphed over justice! To be suspected melrey was an irreparable injury, she thought. Baxter might lose his good name, his work; might be sent to prison-everything might go against him, and he had nobody but her for defense. As it happened, he had gone down to the village to get the mail and do some chores, and, while Hannah inveighed and Polly defended, a small boy knocked at the door to bring the pleasing news that "Mr. Baxter, the fel-low as works for old Thornley, give me a quarter to run up and let you know he wouldn't be to home to-night, and maybe not to-morrow neither, as he'd been called away sudding like along of

"There!" ejaculated Hannah, "I hope von're convinced. He's absconded. I'll "Do you think it will take very long?" have the law after him sure as his she asked, anxiously. "Shall I be too name's Baxter, which I dare say it ain't." Were your bills new greenbacks, and did you take the numbers?" asked Polly.

"Crisp and fresh as new cabbage leaves, and, as for the numbers, they were fives and tens just as it happened. "We must have another good search before you accuse any one.'

"Only them that hides can find." And Polly spared no pains; every Hannah, "and Polly ain't no talker minute that she could secure from her neither; and, what's queer, you always duties was spent in the search; but come to a full stop when a body eatelies when the second night and day passed up to you." She had just overtaken without bringing Baxter, or any tidings them on the highway, as it happened, from him, her heart sank beneath the weight of Miss Hannah's words; not tions were not owing to chance. No that she doubted him for an instant, sooner did she see them strolling off to-but the suspicion might keep him away. but the suspicion might keep him away, and she might never see his face again. There was now but one thing to do, and she did it. She begged leave of Miss Hannah to go to the town and mail a

"Lor', Hiram 'll mail it for you," said Hannah, intent upon mastering its contents first. But Polly was firm in the matter; the letter was too precious to

trust to another. It ran: MR. BANTER: If you are staying away from your work and losing wages because you are enspected of finding Miss Hannah's money, which she lost the day you left, please return at once, as money has been found, and your good name is restored, though never suspected PAULINE POWERS.

But her object in town was not merely to mail this document; she went direct from the postoffice to the bank where her little hoard was growing, and drew out \$100 in crisp greenbacks, \$5s and \$10s, trusting that they made no larger parcel than Miss Hannah's; then she retraced her steps homeward, and quietly dropped the precious roll on the floor of Miss Hannah's closet, where it might easily have been overlooked after falling from the rent in her pocket; she wisely conjectured that, the next day being Friday, Miss Hannah would bring it to light with her broom.

"What's all this about Miss Hannah's money and my good name?" asked Baxter, when he returned on Saturday and found means to speak to Polly privately. Polly related the facts, leaving out her own share in the results.

"And where was the money found?" "Miss Hannah found it on sweeping-day on the floor of her closet," demurely.

"And who put it there, Polly?" "Who? Why she says it must have dropped there when she hung up her

"Poor, deluded Miss Hannah! How long since you learned to prevaricate so prized to-day than it was four or five What do you Prevarieate?

put stumbling-blocks in the way. But money from your bank store nicious influence of a certain class of she did not stop here; she suggested to yesterday to save 'my good name,' journals, called enterprising because nent divine at an English station, the Thornley's slow mind the possibility of Polly. Don't deny it. The cashier they are ambitious to serve up dirty other day, "I select a first-class carriage to see that in the middle of the train. I enter the ploy, and then the work in hand ran an elopement, of duty neglected "along told me—he had some curiosity about it. If you can do so much for my good "Do we know anything about Baxter? name, how much more would you do for the family circle are of the class that Did he have a recommendation?" she the owner? There's a riddle for you."

lay it at my door, that's all."

"Him and Polly!" gasped Thornley,
"I don't know. I'm so soil;
found it out; you will think that I—"
"I shall think that you love me well
"I shall think that you love me well

As Baxter and his bride drove along, Strike a light, girl. I'd a roll of crisp bank-bills in my hand an hour ago—Square Emery paid his butter bill this afternoon; I put 'em in my gown pocket when Hiram called me to turn the grin'stone—and they're gone! Now you needn't tell me they're gone without needn't tell me they're gone without undertook a walking tour through the mountains and valleys of New Hampshire for a summer's vacation or recrea-Miss Hannah."

"Ain't there? When you take folks in out of the highway, without no recommendation, how do you know what their habits is? To be sure, I didn't favored him, wearing his old clothes, and catting the sure of heaving stale in the summer's vacation of recreation, camping out at angle in the green woods, buying his daily bread at farmhouses by the way, or broiling his wild game by a brush-wood fire, as fortune favored him, wearing his old clothes, and getting bronzed and weather-stained on the route. One night he asked for forgot about it; and naturally them bills lodgings at a certain farm-house door, as it threatened rain, and he had a mind to try the luxury of a bed in-doors. A young girl opened the door for him, spread the table, made the bed, andstole his heart; and the next week. when the farmer offered him a season's farm work, being short of hands, and mistaking him for a tramp, he promptly accepted the situation, having a fancy for adventurous living and the young girl aforesaid."

"Mr. Baxter," said Polly, "what do you mean?"

'It's a true story, Polly." oh, John! that you are not—that you are the young man, that the farmer is Mr. Thornley, and an ignorant country girl like me your wife? Oh, John, how could you be so foolish? How could you deceive me

"It was all 'for love and the world well lost," said Baxter, proudly.

"There's that hundred dollars," said Miss Hannah, the next year, when she lay ill. "I put it direct into the bank. Give it to Polly, if-if anything happens to me, though she doesn't need it, goodness knows—a-trapesing off to Europe. You needn't tell her, but I must confess I was a little confused when I found them greenbacks on my closet floor, seeing that I hadn't lost a red cent myself." -Harper's Bazar,

Horrors of Hydrophebia.

Maj. Wm. H. Dobb, a prominent citi-zen of New Castle, died from hydrophobia this morning. His sufferings were intense. He was taken suddenly ill on Saturday, and, although everything was done to save him, all efforts were unavailing. Maj. Dobb was bitten by his own dog, a Newfoundland, about 8 weeks old. The dog was lying before the door, and, in going in, the Major stopped to caress the animal. It did not take kindly to the petting, however, and finally snapped at Maj. Dobbs' hand; one finger of the right hand was bitten. The Major immediately sucked the wound until it ceased bleeding, and, as the wound healed in a day or two, he did not fear any serious results. Subsequently, the dog showed symptoms of rabies, and was shot. The week passed by, and the incident was hardly thought of, especially as the Major had ceased taking elscampe and milk, considering that he was out of danger.

On Saturday morning he went to the hydrant and drew a glass of water. When he placed the goblet to his lips, however, he found it impossible to force a drop down his throat. He threw the water away, and went in to breakfast; a cup of coffee was placed by his plate and he attempted to drink it, but in vain. "It has come at last," he said, and arose from the table. A physician was sent for and on his arrival found the Major calm and composed, but firmly believing there was no help for him. He drank a little beer during the day.

Yesterday morning he grew worse. and any unexpected noise would cause a cold tremor to run over him. By noon he grew delirious, and his convulsions increased, and they grew stronger and stronger, and several men were brought into his room to hold him. Once he broke away from them and tried to the General here ignore the United jump from the window, but was restrained before he could leap out. He ovations, no honors from crowned and frequently tried to drink in his more uncrowned dignitaries, go to ye, good rational moments, and his efforts to people of America. It's all a mistake to force liquid down his throat are des- think so. The international favoring cribed as terrible. His eyes would seem and flavoring is all mythical. It is ento burst from their sockets, and his tirely, solely, and singly personal and strong frame shivered in every part. to Gen. Grant, "the Wellington of During the night, Maj. Dobbs suffered most indescribable agonies, and at 2:45 and to him as a soldier, and not as an this morning, in the midst of a convul- ex-President or a future one. The logic

sion, death came to his relief. The deceased leaves a wife and two sons and two daughters. He was over Gen. Grant, he said: "I welcome you 60 years of age, and was born in England, General, as the second—gland. During the war he was an enthe American—Wellington." That was gineer in the navy. - Philadelphia a pretty speech for the gallant Prince

The Clean Newspaper.

There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against the journals which make it their special object to minister to perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting scandals and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own at least from contamina-"I mean that you drew the tion, become more conscious of the perscandals, they will be careful to see that never forget the proprieties of life. Aland healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made ence of bad literature, and have made "And you've abandoned the idea of an and healthy morals have had their atcommendable efforts to counteract the same by causing sound literature to be

threaten to claim her. After that, Baxter could do nothing to please him; he lay in wait and watched the lovers as a cat watches a mouse, and worried them as cruelly.

Miss Hannah entered but I reckon you're getting deef."

Layear!" cried Higam, aghast.

The december of the laminy, and has been read for years by young and old, it has developed such a healthy tone and such a discriminating taste that the literature of the slums has no adsuch families is increasing in the land, and, as they increase, the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes that practice vice or crime, or are ambi-tious to learn to follow such ways.—

Edison's Courtship.

The story of Edison's courtship, while it lacks the roseate tinge of re mance, illustrates the man's faculty for going to the heart of things with the smallest possible amount of circumlo-cution. When he was experimenting, some years ago, with the Little automatic telegraph system, he perfected a contrivance for producing perforations ployed to manipulate these machines, with a view to testing their capacity for speed, was a rather demure young person who attended to her work and never raised her eyes to the incipient genius. One day Edison stood observing her as she drove down one key after another with her plump fingers, until, growing nervous under his prolonged stare, she dropped her hands idly in her lap, and looked up helplessly into his face. A genial smile, such as irreverent paragraphists have referred to as "the Edison grin," overspread Edison's face, and he presently inquired, rather alruptly:

What do you think of me, little girl? Do you like me?" "Why, Mr. Edison, you frighten me.

I-that is-I-"Don't be in a hurry about telling me. It doesn't matter much, unless you would like to marry me."

The young woman was disposed to laugh, but Edison went on: "Oh, I mean it. Don't be in a rush, though. Think it over; talk to your

mother about it, and let me know soon as convenient-Tuesday, say. How will Tuesday suit you, next week Tuesday, I Edison's shop was at Newark in those

days, and one night a friend of his employed in the main office of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in New York, returning home by the last train, saw a light in Edison's private labora-tory, and climbed the dingy stairs to find his friend in one of his characteristic stupors, half awake and half dozing over some intricate point in electrical science which was baffling him.

"Hello, Tom!" cried the visitor cheerily, "what are you doing here this late? Aren't you going home?"

"What time is it?" inquired Edison, sleepily rubbing his eyes and stretching like a lion suddenly aroused. "Midnight, easy enough.

"Is that so?" returned Edison in a dreamy sort of way. "By George, I must go home, then. I was married to-day.

Marriage was an old story with himhe had been wedded to electrical hobbies for years. But, in spite of his seeming indifference on "the most eventful day" in his life, he makes a good husband, and the demure little woman of the perforating machine smilingly rules domestic destinies at Melno Park, and proudly looks across the fields where chimneys rise and her husband still works on the problems that made him a truant on his wedding day. A swarm of children pluck her gown to share their mother's smile, and lay in wait to climb into their father's lap and muss his hair with as great a relish as if he were not the greatest genius of his time.-Washington Post.

Why Gen. Grant is Honored.

I must here remark that my ignor-

ance in regard to the European ovations so generously and properly given Gen. Grant has induced me to believe that these evations were to be participated in. indirectly even, by the United States of America as regards to an ex-President. Not a bit of it. Indeed, the friends of States in this association altogether. No America," that these ovations are given, of this is incontrovertible. I am told that when the Prince of Wales addressed to make, and he can put pretty phrases into the right place now and then. The boy King of Spain the other day was even more gushing. He said: "General and savior of your country, Spain is proud to greet you on her soil, for Spain is the country of warriors, and you are the greatest of our age!" Good for the boy King! There is a grace about the Spanish language that even makes truth in simple sentences pale peside the very eloquence of fancy. Mucho palavera is a peculiarity of the Spaniards, -Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Trust in Providence.

"When I travel by rail," said an emiin the middle of the train, I enter the the journals they permit to be read in middle compartment of that carriage, and I take the middle seat in that compartment, and I leave the rest to Providence."

who was standing by.

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